



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART, — TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1804.

NOVELIST.

THE VILLAGE ORPHAN.

THE amiable and accomplished Julietta had entered into the tenderest of unions with Mr. Hargrave, a young gentleman of fortune and fashion, who possessed an estate in the north of England, which, soon after his marriage, he retired with his lovely partner, for the happiness he found in her company and endearments, had weaned his heart from the habits of dissipation, to which he was before in some degree addicted. With her, he learned to relish the simple beauties of nature; while they rambled together over the heath, or through the copse, along the gentle slope, or by the side of the murmuring stream, without regretting the artificial pleasures and follies of the town, or bestowing a thought on its censure or its scandal.

In this manner they lived, until Mrs. Hargrave had brought her husband two children; soon after the birth of the second of which, as they took one of their usual walks together they chanced to meet with a fresh coloured rustic boy, carrying in his arms a very beautiful little girl, whose countenance especially attracted the notice of Julietta. She stopped, and made inquiries of the boy from whom she learned that she was the daughter of a poor woman in a neighboring village who had, dropped down dead suddenly the day before. The neighbors had applied to the overseers, who had agreed to receive her into the work-house, to which the boy was now taking her, by their direction, as it was not far distant, and he himself was maintained in it. The delicate sensibility of Julietta was much moved by the situation of this poor orphan, whose countenance, from the first moment had greatly interested her. On her return home, with Mr. Hargrave, she talked of nothing else and the next morning declared that the poor little friendless child had been likewise the subject of her dreams. She proposed, therefore, if it met his approbation to take her under their protection, and bring her up from this early age as an attendant on, and companion for their children. Mr. Hargrave's love for his lady would not permit him even to hint an objec-

tion, and Julietta accordingly, applied to the officers who had the direction of the momentous affairs of the parish, and who, after due deliberation, and satisfying themselves that no injury could thereby accrue to the interests of the parish gave their consent to her proposal, and Nelly (for that was the name of the little orphan) was removed to Mr. Hargrave's house.

The child who had so lately seemed friendless and destitute, now, by her artless innocence, her tractability, and the readiness with which she learned every thing that was attempted to be taught her, presently acquired not only the friendship, but the affection of Mrs. Hargrave. It was even difficult to distinguish what difference she made between her and her own children, who were constantly her companions, and seemed always to consider her as their sister.

With the advantages of such a situation and the education which Mrs. Hargrave bestowed on her Ellen (for by that name she was usually called in the family) as she grew up, added to that kind of useful knowledge which her subordinate situation obliged her to acquire, many accomplishments of the politest kind: Her beauty improved to such perfection, as to attract every eye; her understanding was not inferior to her beauty, and her modesty and delicacy were equal to her understanding. But these endowments threatened to be to her the source of unhappiness, and the disappointment of all her hopes and prospects. The son of Mr. Hargrave, now verging towards manhood, began to view the beautiful orphan with warmer emotions than those excited by a mere companion, or even a friend; and, Ellen, who distinctly perceived the symptoms of this dawning passion, was too incapable of the arts of dissimulation not to shew what she really felt, that she was well disposed to return them.

This mutual inclination, however delicacy might endeavor to veil it from general observation, did not long escape the suspicions of Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave, who both began, in consequence to abate much of their kindness towards Ellen, and even to treat her not unfrequently, with a degree of harshness; for neither of them could endure the

thought that their son should form a serious attachment to a friendless, and, what was still worse, a penniless orphan.

About this time, the uncle of Mrs. Hargrave, Mr. Seaton, a colonel in the East-India company's service, returned from India, where he had accumulated a very large fortune: and, soon after his return, made a visit for a few weeks to the country mansion of his niece and her husband. Here Ellen particularly attracted his attention, and he was lavish in his encomiums on her beauty and numerous good qualities; but when he was informed of her history, and the impression she was supposed to have made on the heart of young George Hargrave, he did not hesitate to concur in the opinion, that accomplishments so amiable were highly dangerous to the honor and peace of the family.

Mr. Seaton, however, was a truly benevolent and liberal minded man. He was accustomed during his stay at his nephew's, frequently to take walks early in the morning in the grounds about the house and to the neighbouring villages, where he would enter into conversation with almost any person he met. In one of these excursions he chanced to fall in with an old man who lived on a small annuity bequeathed by a relation, and who had been in the army in India. The latter circumstance, when Mr. Seaton discovered it, rendered the discourse of his companion much more interesting to him as he found that he had, in some cases, witnessed the same events and been present at the same scenes with himself. The old man gave an account, and not a very short one, of several actions he had been in; and Mr. Seaton, in return, described the taking of Pondicherry, when, as he said, his life was saved by a brave fellow of the name of Warner, a sergeant in his regiment.—'Ah!' continued Mr. Seaton, 'he was truly a brave fellow, and a worthy and an honest one too; I procured him a commission, and I hoped I should have been able to have done still more for him, had he not been mortally wounded in the very next action we were engaged in. I was present with him at his death, and remember well with what earnestness he spoke of his wife and child whom he had left behind him in England. My heart never

felt an acuter pang—I had received so many proofs of his integrity and sincerity that I promised, I swore to him, that I would be a friend and a father to his wife and child. But I have never been able to discover what became of them. I wrote from India according to the direction he gave me, but received no answer. I employed other persons to inquire, but to as little purpose. Since my return to England I have made a journey into Devonshire, to the village where they resided when he left them, but could obtain no information of them. They are no doubt dead; and the poor are soon forgotten by their neighbors.—‘Heaven bless me!’ said the old man, ‘what you have said puts me in mind of poor Mrs. Warner who lived in the village hard by, and dropped down dead suddenly about sixteen years ago. She was as good a creature as ever lived, though poor. I have heard her say that she had a husband in the army in India and that he had saved the life of his principal officer. He sent her a letter relating this circumstance, and remitted her fifty pounds. But after that time she never heard more from him.’

‘But how was it,’ said Mr. Seaton, ‘that she removed from Devonshire to this part of the country, a distance of more than two hundred miles?’

‘Not by her own choice, nor at her own charge, I assure you. Soon after she received the money I mentioned, she had a dangerous fit of illness, which swallowed it all up, or at least it fell into the hands of those about her; and when she was a little recovered the humane parish officers of the place fearing, she might become chargeable to them, removed her hither this being her husband’s parish, by birth, and he not having acquired any other settlement.—She however, poor woman, I hope is in Heaven; and her orphan daughter has been provided for by Providence in a very extraordinary manner, through the benevolence of the lady at yon great house, who certainly is one of the most charitable and kindest hearted gentlewomen in the world. She saw the poor little child carrying to the work-house, and took such a liking to her that she had her home and has brought her up like one of her own children; and she is now a most accomplished young lady and many suppose that she will at last be married to the young squire, for they have been frequently seen together and he seems to be very fond of her.’

‘What!’ said Mr. Seaton, with much surprise, ‘do you mean Miss Ellen at Mr. Hargrave’s?’

‘I do,’ said the old man, ‘that young lady is the daughter of poor Mrs. Warner, and I make no doubt of the sergeant Warner, who you say saved your life.’

‘I wish I were certain of it,’ said Mr. Seaton, not a little agitated.

‘Now I think of it,’ said the other, ‘I can give you a kind of proof, for I have the very

letter which, as I mentioned before, Mrs. Warner received from her husband when he remitted the money. It came into my hands by an accident and I have preserved it. I will either bring it to you whenever you may please to appoint, or if you will go with me I will show it you.’

‘We will go immediately,’ replied Mr. Seaton.—‘I knew his hand writing so well that I shall certainly recollect it, and shall want no other voucher.’

They accordingly went together: the letter was soon found and Mr. Seaton recognised the hand writing of his preserver to whose daughter he had sworn to be a father.

As he returned towards Mr. Hargrave’s eager to communicate this extraordinary discovery he met the amiable Ellen in tears and great distress. Mr. Hargrave had overheard his son making some very tender declarations to her and insisted that she should immediately leave the house, presenting her however at the same time with a purse of guineas and a bill for an hundred pounds. But exacting from her a promise that she would immediately proceed for London and never more revisit that part of the country. She told her artless tale to Mr. Seaton and vindicated her conduct with great emotion. Stay child, said he, you must not go to London until I go. Strange as you may think it you have now become my daughter, and must return with me to Mr. Hargrave’s.

Poor Ellen knew not what to think of this strange language; but could not refuse Mr. Seaton, whom she followed with a trembling step, and little expectation of the change of fortune that awaited her.

‘You did not know,’ said Mr. Seaton to Mr. Hargrave, ‘that when you dismissed this poor orphan, you turned my adopted daughter out of doors: yet such she now is.—She shall receive immediately one third of my fortune, and inherit a greater part of the remainder; for to him who gave her birth I owe that I am now alive, and the remuneration I cannot bestow on him, is due to his heir.’

The explanation which immediately followed gave the most heartfelt pleasure to Mrs. Hargrave, who had with great reluctance consented to abandon her favourite, and in the breasts of the two lovers excited the emotions that can only be conceived by those who have felt the same.

MISCELLANY.

AN ALLEGORY.

IN the early ages of the world, ere the rich had learned to domineer over the poor, or the poor to despise the rich, lived ADMIRATION and RESPECT. Their residence was in the *Vale of Sensibility*, where they had erected a small, but elegant cottage—it was surrounded with a garden, where the wild and luxuriant beauties of nature received an

additional grace from the judicious dispositions of art. The woodbine and the jessamine twining their slender shoots round the humble wall, clothed them with the richest verdure, and filled the air with their mingled fragrance.

They had not long resided in this delightful abode, before their union was blessed with a son, whom they called LOVE. At first the child appeared weak and delicate, but by the persevering attention of his parents he at length became lively and vigorous. He would frequently wander through the extensive groves of Contemplation which adjoined their lonely retreat, or ramble over the mountains of Imagination, which surrounded the valley. But his highest gratification was to bathe in a pure stream; whose waters, transparent as the liquid crystal, dashing from rock to rock, at length collected themselves in the bosom of the vale, and winded murmuring away over sands of gold. This stream was denominated the river of Delight: its banks were adorned with all the flowers which the hand of spring pours, in gay profusion, upon the lap of nature; and here, after the toils of a long excursion, the youth would frequently enjoy the sweets of undisturbed repose.—By these means, his vigour and activity daily increased. His cheeks were blooming as the rosebud glistening with the morning dew; his breath fragrant as the zephyr whispering over beds of violets; his eyes, though sparkling and animated, possessed a captivating languish, which rendered them still more interesting—they spoke intelligibly the language of a feeling soul. His hair black and glossy as the plume of the raven, hung waving in bushy ringlets over his shoulders. These charms of person and of mind, rendered him the delight of his parents, and the universal favourite of the nymphs who inhabited the Vale of Sensibility. Without feeling a particular inclination towards any, he had occasionally been the companion of all, for wherever he chose to appear, attention awaited him.

One day, after an excursion rather longer than usual, he laid himself down to rest beneath the shade of a flowery alcove, where the rose and the myrtle intertwined their odoriferous branches. He had just sunk to the arms of sleep, when GENIUS, who had lately chosen this delightful valley for her residence, approached the spot. Never before had she beheld such beauty. The fervid glow of exercise had lent fresh lustre to his cheek, the brightness of his lip shone with the richest ruby of the east, and the exquisite proportion of his shape seemed to bespeak him an inhabitant of Olympus, rather than one of the frail race of mortals. She gazed in astonishment; but wishing to take a nearer view, the motion of the branches awakened him. He opened his eyes to sight of wonder. The nymph was tall and

of an elegant form. She was habited in an azure robe, her zone was of gold, and the robe itself studded with stars of the same precious metal. Her features were rather wild and irregular, but such was the intelligence, such were the inexpressible graces of her whole countenance, as could not fail to engage the heart of every beholder. Her hair which was of the brightest auburn, floated negligently on the breeze, and discovered a neck of the most exquisite proportion, and most transcendent whiteness. A wreath of glittering gems encircled her brow, which, when they reflected the beams of the sun, rendered her dazzling beyond description. He started up, and approached her with trembling steps. The first expression of their mutual feelings was silent admiration; but their hearts soon overflowed in the tenderest language of affection.

From that moment they were inseparable companions. Their dispositions were perfectly congenial. Whatever spot was a favorite with the one was sure to attract the frequent visits of the other—often would they meet at the hour of sunrise, and fix their raptured sight on the great luminary of the world, as he tinged the tops of the mountains with his vivid rays. Often would they climb the highest of their hills, which commanded a prospect of the ocean, and behold him as he sunk away in the soft and varying shades, until he entirely disappeared, and left them to enjoy the trembling lustre of the queen of night, whose milder beams now shed their silvery radiance over the placid waves.

Thus days, months, and years rolled away, and seemed but as the vision of a moment. At length it was agreed, that the hand of Hymen should unite the two lovers in the flowery bands of connubial bliss. The marriage was celebrated with the greatest festivity and joy, in the palace of IMAGINATION, Empress of the hilly country which bore her name. MODESTY presided at the ceremony: GOOD-HUMOR attended at the repast. The epithalamium was composed and sung by the MUSES, while the GRACES danced in all the enchanting variety of attitudes to the sprightly numbers of their golden lyres. The youth was enamored with the beauties of his lovely bride, and by this alliance with GENIUS, became not merely vigorous, but immortal.

MR. M'DOWELL,

SHOULD the following extract meet your approbation, you will please to give it a place in the next number of the HIVE, and thereby confer a favor on A READER.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in Baltimore to his Friend in Lancaster.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY mind to-day has been crowded with unusual meditations. Some unseen power

has directed it to the days of my childhood. Some invisible Genius, either invidious of the felicity I enjoy from my own reflections in solitude, or mistakenly officious to promote it, has been spreading the scenes of my infancy before me in colours unusually brilliant and glowing. I need not, I can not describe them to you, although I know many an hour of your life has been spent under the influence of similar impressions. I hazard this expression, from an opinion that all mankind, or at least every man of common sensibility must feel them. They are his inseparable companions through life. The various pursuits and avocations of this busy world may drown them at times, but they cannot be obliterated. They will frequently, unbidden and irresistibly intrude, and extort from him a sigh, that *such times were, but that they are gone forever!*

Not only my own feelings, but the testimony of the most eminent confirm it. When remote from their country, in pursuit of knowledge or pleasure in distant regions, where every object, recommended by novelty, "possessed a power to charm," they have felt this ungovernable impulse ardently to attract their affections to the place of their nativity—to the scenes of their juvenile days.—Please to analyze the subject, and tell me whether the feelings, that produced the following lines, are not much more to be pitied than envied?

"WHERE have ye flown, ye visions gay
That fluttered round my head?
Has time's rude hand brush'd them away?
Is youthful fervor dead?

"Peace to thy banks thou gentle stream,
Where first I saw the light;
Yet do thy murmurs fill my dream,
And soothe the sleep of night.

"The house which stands upon the hill,
The waving wood behind,
The distant church, the busy mill,
Are pictured in my mind.

"O let me wander o'er again
These scenes of artless joy!
And mark the shades, the hills, the plain,
I rambl'd while a boy.

"That school-house on the shaded lawn
Beside the babbling brook,
Behold me every rising morn
Loud clamouring o'er my book.

"Ah me! how many a restless day
Has held me captive there!
How did I hail the hours of play
Which slew each little care!"

Tell me, I say, whether these remembrances are pleasurable or not? Are they not sometimes revived with an oppressive power of melancholy tenderness that makes them burthensome? Have we not sometimes suddenly to compel the mind to some sordid occupation, in order to dismiss them?

But separate from these, his *local*, he has also his *personal* attachments. He has ties of blood—he has ties of friendship. In the former case, he must, of necessity, be at-

tached;—the constitution of his nature demands it. In the latter, it is impossible to be otherwise; since friendship is founded on an harmony of temper, on a concordance of sentiment, on habits of confidence, and a mutual exchange of favors.—But why am I intruding such melancholy stuff on the mind of an absent friend? Has not man a claim on every region? Is not nature uniform, and we a part of the wide plan? Why then not risk an opinion that vain distinctions have their source in a too partial adherence to any particular place or people?—Away with such *modern philosophy!* I cannot admit it. Cold and callous must be that heart;—woe-worn indeed must have been the infancy of that man, who can revert to the days of his childhood without sensations of ineffable delight!

VARIETY.

SINGULARITY OF RESEARCH.

AN EXTRACT.

"THERE is, perhaps, no one principle in human nature that leads to greater consequences, than they concentration of application to singular research.

"But this, like every other principle, has occasionally strange and useless terminations, that may be called *lusus nature* in mortals. As an instance of this, I will present you with the result of a man's labor for three years, eight or nine hours a-day, Sundays not excepted, to determine the verses, words, and letters, contained in the Bible."

VERSES, ----- 31,173.

WORDS, ----- 773,692.

LETTERS, ----- 3,566,480.

The middle and the last chapter is the 117th Psalm.

The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 101st Psalm.

Jehovah is named 6,855 times. The middle one of these Jehovah's is in second Chronicles, fourth chapter, and 16th verse.

The word *and* is found in the Bible 46,227 times.

The least verse in the Old Testament, is in first Chronicles, first and 10th verses. The least in the New Testament, 11th chapter of John, 35th verse.

"I look upon this to be a very singular occurrence in the history of human nature, that there should be found a man, who, merely for the sake of employment, should spend three years on such a task."

MAMMOTH OYSTER-SHELL.

Among the collection of natural curiosities, lately added to the Columbian Museum, are the shells of an oyster, which weighed 495 lbs.

MAMMOTH HEIFER.

On the 12th of July last, a heifer was killed at Salem, (N. Y.) which weighed 130 lbs.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

TO PITY.

SWEET is the pearl of orient morn,
Which trembles on the blushing rose;
Sweet is the note when from the thorn,
The bird of evening tells her woes.

But sweeter than Aurora's tear,
Is the mild pearl in pity's eye;
And than thy note, sweet bird, more dear,
Is soft compassion's tender sigh.

When sorrow rends the feeling breast,
And anguish heaves the length'ned sigh;
Sweet pity soothes each sigh to rest,
And dries the tear from sorrow's eye.

M.

[The following *morceau* needs no other recommendation, than that it comes from the pen of the author of the "*Pleasures of Hope*." We have rarely seen a more charming collection of tender images, painted in more mellow and beautiful tints, or grouped with greater taste and genius.]

CAROLINE.

ILL bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be,
And sing my true love all below
The holly bow'r and myrtle tree.

There, all his woody scents to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing,
Delight my rustling canopy!

Come to my close and clustering bow'r,
Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flow'r,
Of mountain heath and moory thyme!

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,
Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wandering wind of Fairy Land.

For sure, from some enchanted isle
Where heav'n & earth their sabbath hold—
Where pure and happy spirits smile
On beauty's fairest, brightest mould:

From some green Eden of the deep,
Where pleasure's sigh alone is heav'd,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endear'd, undoubting, undeciv'd:

From some sweet Paradise afar
Thy music wanders, distant, lost—
Where nature lights her leading star,
And love is never, never cross'd!

Oh, gentle gale of Eden bow'rs,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless hours
In nature's more propitious home:

Name to thy lov'd Elysian groves
That o'er enchanted spirits twine;
A fairer form than cherub loves—
And let the name be Caroline.

EPIGRAM.

AS *IT* along the floor had laid,
His lazy length in solemn show,
You're ill, quoth *Sat*, I'm sore afraid,
Indeed, says *Will*, I'm rather low.

THE ARTS.

GOLD.

THIS precious metal is a product of South-America, and next to Platina, it possesses the greatest gravity. It weighs more than nineteen times an equal bulk of water. When pure, it may be beaten into the 3000 part of an inch in thickness. One grain of gold-leaf has been made to gild a space of 56 square inches—its tenacity is rivalled only by the tenaciousness with which man grasps and retains it. A wire of one-tenth of an inch in diameter, will sustain the immense weight of 500lbs. Gold will unite with most of the metals—it may be dissolved by several acids, but the nitro-muriatic acid is its proper solvent. If this metal be precipitated from its solution in the nitro-muriatic acid, by lime water, it falls down in a yellow powder; if volatile alkali be poured on this power, the colour is destroyed, but in a few days yellow flashes are seen, which gradually sink and become deeper in colour—if the volatile alkali be decanted and the precipitate dried in the shade, the powder known by the name of *ouram fulminans*, or gold thunder-powder, is produced. The power of this powder is astonishing—50grs. explode with as much force as 2lbs. of gunpowder. Heat, a little beyond that of boiling water, will explode it.

Maquer mentions the case of a young man who accidentally set on fire half a drachm of this powder, in carelessly stopping the mouth of the bottle which contained it. The explosion threw the young man several steps backward, his face and hands were lacerated, and his eyes put out. [Delaware Museum.]

THE FASHIONS.

LONDON—FEMALE—FOR MAY 1804.

Full Dress—A petticoat of lace, over sarsenet or lutestring, very long train, a broad-edged lace, set moderately full round the bottom beneath, adjoining one of the same breadth let in between two ribbons: silk body, lace sleeves and tucker, a cestus of velvet, white coloured, or black, narrow and clasped at the bosom with a royal diadem, prince's feathers, an oak-leaf, or sprig of laurel.—These useful ornaments are formed of gems, the two last of emeralds, the stems fixed in knots of brilliants; they clasp from the circle of the crown, band of the plume and the bows of the foilage: The head-dress is a tiara of jewels, from which falls a veil of very clear muslin or linen powdered with stars or small spots of foil, and forms a beautiful drapery over the dress. The veil is white, with sapphire, ruby topaz, emerald or amethyst foil: pink, blue, primrose, or lilac muslin veils, are ornamented with silver foil. High feathers on the left side fall over to the right behind the tiara. This dress is peculiarly elegant and becoming.

Half Dress—Worked muslin or linen robe, long train; a close body, crossed over the bosom, confined by a clasped cestus, or a drawn frock body, with a gold, silver, or silk cord and tassels. A light turban or a half handkerchief of muslin, worked all round in cotton or coloured silks, twisted and tied at the left side in a bow, and ends touching the shoulder; or the hair in bandeaux, and Grecian puffs fastened by ornamented combs.

For Walking—Small chip hats, round flat crowns, moderately high, white or coloured—the latter most prevalent, the pink wreathed with white roses, hyacinths, and narcissus' blossom; the lilac with jonquils, or any other yellow flowers; the primrose with oak, myrtle, hawthorn, violets, or purple erocus; the blue adorned with silver chains and tassels, fastening very light feathers, either blue or white; on the white chip, flowers of any colour. The wreaths meet on the left side, and, with a sprig of the same flower reaching above the crown, are tied by a small bow of narrow ribbons. The very ungraceful square shawls are resigned for long ones of plain muslin or linen, worked with narrow borders on each side, and very richly at the ends. Sprigged or spotted shawls are trimmed with lace in the same manner. These shawls are worn like tip-pets, and are looped down upon the back with a bow of ribbon. Old English, Roman, and Spanish cloaks, and loose pelisses, without sleeves, will all be worn both black and white, with broad laces; the muslin cloaks with elegantly worked borders, Vandyke scollop, and double capes to suit.

Nine Heads—1. A turban of white satin, ostrich feathers in front.—2. A cap of white satin and coloured crape, ornamented with a rose in front.—3. Hat of pink velvet, trimmed and tied down with ribbon of the same colour.—4. Turkish shawl, pinned up as a turban.—5. Turban of white muslin, the crown of white satin, with a very long end over the left side.—6. Cap of sarsnet and blond lace, ornamented with a flower in front.—7. Cap of blue sarsnet, trimmed with a very deep lace round the edge.—8. Cap of blond lace, flowers in front.—9. Cap of sarsnet and lace.

Observations—The prevailing colours are lilac, green, and yellow. Straw hats of the Spanish shape, plain or ornamented with flowers, are much worn. Dresses are still worn very short waisted, and very low in the back and over the bosom, with lace tuckers for dress; and with fine worked muslin habit-shirts trimmed with lace for undress.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

TWO DOLLARS, PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE.

LANCASTER, (Penn.)

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